

"Which has the most expressive countenance?"

- " *Estelle*, certainly!"
- "Look at Fanny's brilliant eyes!"
- " *Estelle* has a *petite* cast, which I admire more."
- "Fanny's complexion!"
- "Estelle's is certainly fairer!"
- "Fanny's animated style of conversation!"
- "I acknowledge it may please you best, brother; but you know I always preferred a serious

lighted with the good sense and good feeling which appeared to dictate Estelle's every sentiment, and with the easy flow of language with which she expressed herself. But brother was

Perhaps you hardly remember our old uncle, Sir Arthur Everett. You have not seen him since your childhood. He died suddenly a short time

ago, and having left no will, we prove to be the heirs of his large fortune. And brother, now that it is no longer necessary for your support, I should advise you, on account of the delicacy of your health, to resign your situation in the ar-

"Oh," said Eugene, "how blest, how happy

"this will make them. I feel a weight removed from my heart. I hope this news will console E. tell me in her deep affliction; for really, brother, it has poisoned my happiness to see her grief, which almost amounts to despair."

"Yes, Alfred, she always *imagines* that the cause. But I hardly think she knows her own

heart. I have in vain tried to convince her that her grief is a mere passing cloud which will soon be dispersed. I will now resign that task to you. Reason with her! your manners are gentle and persuasive. Impress upon her mind the idea of

her sister's happiness and generous minded as she is, she will resolve to participate in that happiness. And Alfred, perhaps, as you seem so charmed with her, you may be able to create in her an interest in yourself. *That is what I have*

"Would that I could call her to happiness! Would that I were worthy of interesting her!"

She appears formed to excite admiration and love. *I will* endeavor to encourage the confidence with which she expresses herself to me. *I will* study her character. *I will* impress upon her her duty towards her sister, towards her-

And Alfred did reason with her, he did unpress upon her her duty towards her father, towards herself. He did make her

get her romantic grief? (Shall I confess the weakness, the irresolution of my sex?) With his gentle and persuasive manner, he very soon succeeded in creating in her an interest in himself, an interest, genuine from her nature.

Estelle found one more object worthy of her love! and in short, was soon as happy as Eugene wished her to be. Suddenly, indeed, was the change in Estelle's heart, from the very depths of selfishness, to the exquisite and ungrudging

herself. She had believed herself inconsolable, and she was now forced to acknowledge the fallacy of her judgment—to acknowledge that she had not yet acquired the enviable wisdom to "know herself."

No time was required to produce this change! Estelle was soon convinced by Mr. Everett's *impressive reasoning* that she had been to blame, in abandoning herself to an imaginary sorrow, and that it was not impossible to undo the wrong.

In short, that Fanny could love Eugene without forgetting her sister; and that she could even find room in her heart for another! That other was her friend, her adviser!

Happy as Eugene was at the success of his scheme, he could not resist rallying Estelle on her meekness to Fanny. "You know you have given her your whole heart, and require nothing more of it."

"Promise me, Eugene, never to tell Fanny of

"What, Estelle? You have discovered that you can love more than one? You have found another treasure! Is it not worth living for?"

"Death will be a welcome guest! eh, Fattola?" continued he, mischievously teasing her, until his brother's interference relieved her embarrassment.

I need not prolong my story. All that remains to be said is, that a very few weeks after the wedding day of Fanny, saw Estelle the wife of Alfred Everett. This ended the "*fiat serve*."

Interesting train of incidents.—The following account is given by the Rev. Lord, Richmond:

A drunkard was one day staggering in drink on the brink of the sea. His little son by him, three years of age, heard him mutter, "Father, I repent from

For some thing to eat. The miserable father, conscious of his poverty, and of the criminal cause of it, in a kind of rage, occasioned by his impotence and despair, buried the little innocent between the arms of a dead prostitute on the highway.

near little survivor, finding a floating plank by his side on the water, clung to it. The wind soon whiffed him with the plank into the sea. A British man-of-war passing by, discovered the plank and rescued the poor creature.

He could inform them little more than that his name was Jack. They gave him the name of poor Jack. He grew up on board that

man of war, behaved well, and gained the love of all the officers and men. He became an officer of the sick and wounded department. During an action of the late war, an aged man came under his care, nearly in a dying state. He

gave all attention to the suffering stranger, but could not save her life. The aged stranger was dying, and thus addressed this kind young officer: "For the great attention you have shown me, I give you this only treasure that I am pos-

second time—presenting him with a bible, bearing the stamp of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It was given me by a lady; has been the means of my conversion, and has been a great comfort to me. Read it, it will lead you

in the way you should go." He went on to confess the wickedness and prodigality of his life before the reception of his father; and, among other enormities, how he once cast a little son three years old, into the sea, because he cried to

him for needed food. The young officer inquired of him the time and place, and found here was his own history. Reader, judge if you can, of his feelings, to recognize in the dying old man, his own father, dying a pauper under his care!

And I judge of the feelings of the dying penit, to find that the same kind young stranger was his son, the very son whom he had blighted into the sea; and had no idea but that he had immediately perished. A description of their mutual tend-

ings will not be attempted. The old man soon expired in the arms of his son. The latter left the service, and became a pious preacher of the gospel. On closing this story, the minister in the presence of the Bible Society, bowed to the

Deceit is the least of all laws, and the most respected.

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For 1 pair, the difference between them is, that the fables of the one are

known to himself, and concealed from the world; the functions of the other are known to the world, and concealed from himself. The wise man sees those truths in himself, which others cannot, but the fool is blind to those blessings in his character, which are conspicuous to every body else.
